

NO FISHING HERE—UNLESS YOU'RE A CONVICT

If You Want to Belong to the Most Unique of Anglers' Clubs, All You Have to Do Is To Be "Sent Up" for Some Infraction of the Law

By Arthur Chapman

VARIOUS matters of eligibility must be considered when one wants to join the average club for anglers. There are matters of dues and, what is more important, matters of proficiency and taste. One must be able to prove to the satisfaction of an exacting membership committee that he "belongs" to the fraternity in general, that he not only can cast the fly, but is the sort of a fellow who holds fishing as an art and fishermen as artists.

In Sing Sing prison, however, there is an anglers' club that bothers with none of these things.

The only requisite in the matter of eligibility when it comes to a membership in the Sing Sing fraternity of fishermen is that one has committed a crime and is being punished therefor.

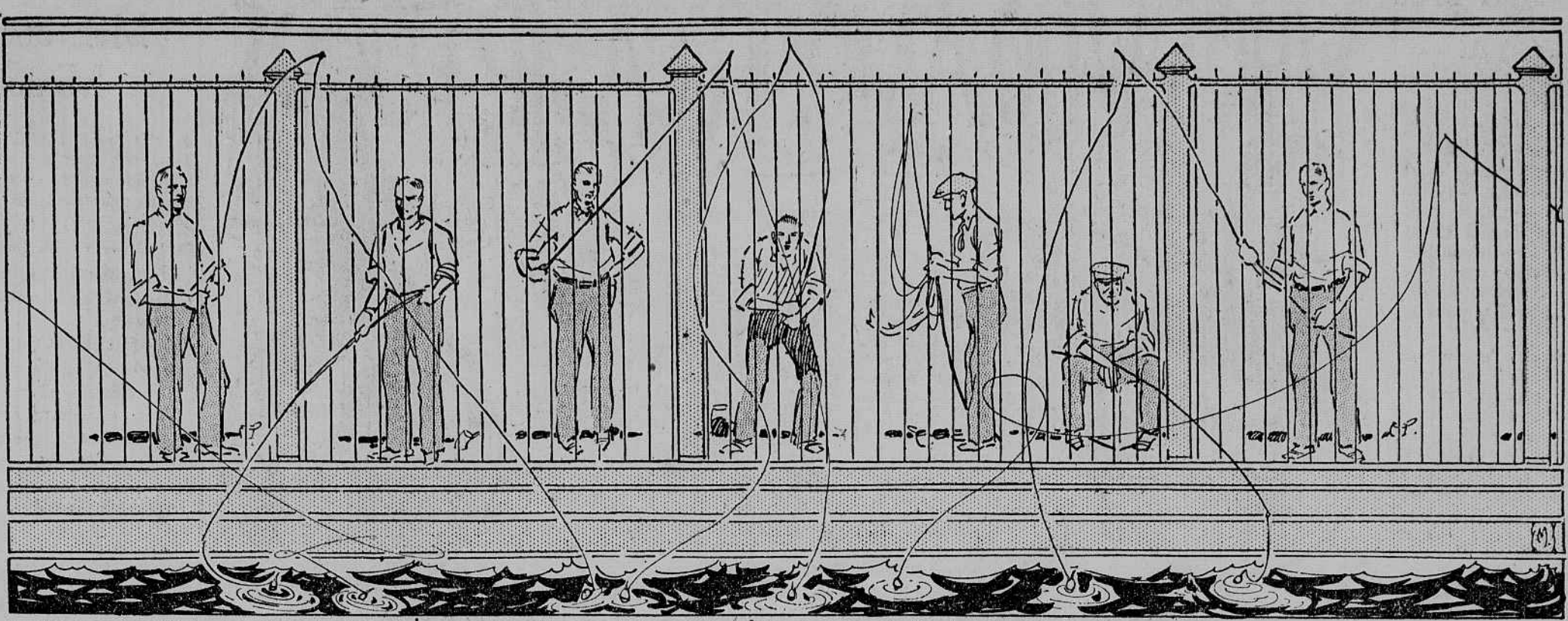
There Is Nothing Flimsy About the Clubhouse

The clubhouse of this organization is of substantial stone and steel. It is large and imposing enough, but it is lacking in the comforts of the downtown club area. It also lacks in the sleekness of its attendants, and it has no annual banquets at which there are speeches glorifying the art of fishing.

The Sing Sing Anglers' Club is a bizarre organization. There is no color line, nor is there any dividing line of age. Its oldest member caught the biggest fish in the club's history the other day. The club's youngest member is a Florida negro, whose dreams go back to the bright sun on green waters and tropical fish darting in and out among coral formations. John Monforte, who is seventy, and has been an angler all his life, chiefly in Italian waters, is the club member who holds the big fish record among the members of Sing Sing's unique organization.

The Sing Sing anglers meet every day in fishing weather behind the big iron fence that forms the boundary of the prison yard on the Hudson River side. The fence is high and strong, and there is a scant two or three inches between the bars. For a matter of fifty feet there is a space where nothing but a stringpiece intervenes between the fence and the waters of the Hudson. Docks take up the rest of the space along the water front. By reaching through the bars with sticks to which lines and hooks have been attached it is possible for the Sing Sing anglers to drop their lures into the river. The water is sluggish, fortunately, as docks project on either side and keep down the movements of tide and current. Otherwise lines might be carried into each other, resulting in a tangle.

Every day the anglers line this space behind the big fence at Sing Sing, and every day the lines drop into the water, and there is a



running fire of comment and speculation as each catch is dragged forth. Sunfish, carp, conger eels—all the species that inhabit the Hudson waters—are dragged forth at the eager hands of the Sing Sing Anglers' Club members.

Nothing is too small to figure as a catch, for the prison cats have learned that the Sing Sing Anglers' Club means more to them than any other organization within those walls of stone and iron. The other day, while the club members were industriously fishing, two cats, one all black and the other all white, waited behind the line and disported themselves as over-petted and well-fed cats will do anywhere. The black one lay at full length on a bench and slyly reached down and struck at the white one, which was lying on the ground, trying to sleep off the effects of too heavy a meal of minnows, tossed from the cans in which the clubs' catches are kept. The white cat growled in protest, and finally there was the inevitable clash, with much yowling.

Tie Lines to Fence, Toss Bait Through Bars

Not a member of the club turned his head, as the performances of the prison cats at these fishing sessions evidently were an old story. The black cat, switching his tail angrily, but convinced that nothing was to be gained by further teasing of his ancient enemy, walked to the other end of the line, and the white cat settled to complete the nap that had been interrupted.

Some of the Sing Sing anglers tie their lines to the iron fence and then toss their bait through the bars, while they sit down and chat of such things as may prove of interest. They belong to the class that in the ordinary fishing club would not be above the use of live bait, while the fishermen who use the sticks and who must needs feel the thrill of the nibble or the strike are akin to those purists who go in only for the fly.

It happens, however, as in the world outside the prison walls, that the fishermen sort do not scorn any means of attack are the ones

Fishing Through the Bars

I'm fishing through the bars—
Yes. They're made of steel...
It's fun to throw the line out far to feel
The fish a-biting like they used to, when—
What? A life? No, y' see, in early May—
Just twenty years from now, they'll free me, say!
Feel that tug? I almost caught one then.
It got away.
Yes, the fish used to bite like that when—
I was on the farm
Somehow it seems a million years ago!
I thought the world was good and free from harm—
God, what's the use! There was a little mill,
The stream of it was filled with speckled trout;
Some days I thought I'd hardly last until
My work was done, and I could pull them out
Enough for supper; maybe, maybe more;
And then I'd stop and leave some at her door.
She had brown eyes, the truest sort of eyes,
All filled up with a trust that never dies—
She loved me then. Sometimes she called me dear!
I meant, some day, to bring her fame and gold,
And pearls and rubies, all her hands could hold.
And as I fished, I'd plan it out, and dream,
And watch the dying sunlight on the stream
Do all dreams fade?
She doesn't know I'm here.
I wonder if God thinks I'm awful bad?
He couldn't for He loved the little lad,
That used to dream—He loved those dreams of mine.
Forgot him? Almost. But He loves me still!
What's twenty years to him? Why, He's divine!
He'd say, Do better, man, I know you will!
He was a friend, He's still a friend of mine.
I'm fishing through the bars—
Yes, they're made of steel...
It's nice to throw the line out far to feel—
Well, free again! It's nice to see the sun;
It's nice to be alive—to have some fur—
To make believe that life has just begun,
To dream and plan just like I used to, when—
Say, feel that tug? I almost caught one then!

Poem by Margaret E. Sangster Jr., published in the program of an entertainment given at Sing Sing by the Mutual Welfare League

who land the big fish, while those who conform strictly to the rules of sportsmanship must content themselves with smaller catches. The prize catch of the Sing Sing Anglers' Club came when Monforte left his hand line out all night, tied to the iron fence. When he came to his post next day and attempted to haul in the line Monforte knew by the drag that he had caught something of unusual size. He called for help, and there was excitement and confusion all along the iron fence until a prison attendant opened a gate, and, dashing along the stringpiece, reached Monforte's line and hauled up a seventeen-pound carp—a fish much too large to have been pulled through the bars into the prison yard. Within five minutes after it had been caught the big carp had been divided up into portions for the prisoners in the captor's squad.

The Sing Sing fishermen put in the time at their favorite sport during the recreation hours from 4 o'clock to 6:45 in the evening and during Saturday afternoons and Sundays, when the prisoners in good standing are allowed certain liberties.

One Prisoner in Every Ten Is a Fisherman

Possibly all told there are 100 men who fish through the bars more or less regularly at Sing Sing. There are about 1,100 men in the prison at present, and thus it might be figured out that about one man out of every ten or eleven everywhere, in prison or out, is an angler by nature. In Sing Sing there are other amusements in plenty. There are tennis courts, which are always occupied, and from the baseball ground on every fair afternoon there is the constant thud of the ball against the catcher's mitt or the crack of the bat and the shouts of the players and onlookers. Games of checkers and chess are going on here and there, and the men from Italy are playing their own game of "boxi." Members of the band are practicing, or musicians of the dilettante sort are playing mandolins or mouth organs. Little knots of men in gray trousers and white shirts talk together—perhaps of

Since John Monforte Landed His Eighteen-Pound Carp, Fishing Has Been Feverish, and the Prison Cats Are Gorging on Minnows

world politics or perhaps of local affairs. The recreation hours are spent as the men please within certain restrictions, as the present warden, Major Lewis E. Lawes, is in sympathy with all modern humanitarian movements which tend to make the prison a really corrective influence.

"I don't believe there is anything that gives more solid enjoyment than the fishing," said Warden Lawes, "or that tends to keep the men in a better and more approachable frame of mind. They've been at it for years, fishing through those iron bars. The fishing club came in for a picture and a write-up in the program of one of the entertainments at the prison a year or so ago. It is an established thing here. Like any other form of recreation, it helps in the matter of prison morale."

In the Distance Are Hills And Trout Streams

From their meeting place the Sing Sing fishermen can look out across the Hudson to green hills that are suggestive of trout streams. On either side of the penitentiary, out of their line of vision, young fellows in the form of undress which establishes the democracy of the "old swimmin' hole," East or West, are diving and splashing in the water, only their heads and shoulders or their bronzed backs being visible to those on the suburban trains that are constantly flashing past.

Most of the men fish, quietly, except when some unusually good catch calls for general comment. The fishermen are from all walks of life, if features are to be relied upon in making estimates. In the middle of the line along the fence is a man whose features and bearing would stamp him as of importance anywhere. He is the sort of man who would fit in the club of anglers where men talk for hours about the virtues of the dry fly, and where a trout outfit would make quite a start toward laying the keel of a battleship in the matter of expense. But here, behind this iron fence, with the lapping waters tantalizingly out of reach, there can be only dreams of five-ounce fly rods, of tapered silk casting lines and gossamer leaders and of winged flies that float over pools so naturally that even the oldest and hardest of the trout are fooled. Here there can be only dreams of automatic reels and of the delights of wading streams that are cradled between green hills. Likewise there can be only dreams of casting into the thunderous surf, or of dropping one's line off the side of a pitching launch in deep sea waters.

Men who sit in clubs, where there are trout and muskies and silver-scaled tarpon on the walls, have the same dreams. The surroundings are different, that is all. For the rest, these Sing Sing anglers, who sit for hours and days and years behind an iron fence, gazing upon the little patch of the Hudson that is theirs, are brothers to fishermen everywhere.

THE careful player is always prepared for contingencies. He plans to keep something up his sleeve, as it were, in case the play takes an unexpected turn, or the distribution of some suit develops in an unusual manner. This is a difficult part of the game for the beginner, as his mind is usually taken up with what he considers more important matters.

One of the things that a good player tries for is to leave the trump suit in such condition that after the adversaries' trumps have been exhausted he may be able to win a trump lead in either hand. To take a common example, lay out these cards:

Give the declarer A K J 9 4 of trumps, dummy Q 8 5 2. The wrong way to play these trumps is to lead a small one and put on dummy's queen. The right way is to make the ace and king first. Now, if the trumps drop, dummy can be put into the lead twice, if necessary. The other way, dummy cannot get into the lead at all on trumps. Even if trumps have to be led a third time the queen can win the nine, and either hand can afterward win a trump trick.

Some players are very careless about this matter, not only in leading trumps, but in ruffing with them. Situations are continually coming up in which one hand must ruff with high cards so as to enable the other hand to win tricks with trumps of lower rank.

This is part of the science of reentry cards, as such a system of play must have for its object the placing of the lead in a given hand, when there is no other way to do so. In many cases, probably in the majority, the precaution of managing the trumps in this manner leads to no effective result; but in this it differs little from many other technical plays.

We lead certain cards from certain combinations, such as the king from ace king queen and others, but in nine cases out of ten it would not matter what card we began with, the ace or queen being equally effective. Good players use the eleven rule on every opening lead of a card above the five; but not once in a dozen hands is the information of vital im-

AUCTION BRIDGE---PLAYERS' SCHOOL

By R. F. FOSTER
Author of *Foster on Auction, Auction Made Easy, Foster's Complete Hoyle, Etc.*

portance. They unblock according to rule, but four times out of five the play makes no difference in the ultimate result.

Every now and then, however, there comes along a deal in which this systematic following of technical play makes a difference that is almost startling and amply repays the many times it has been apparently in vain. Here is an illustration of the value of the proper management of the trump suit, leaving either hand capable of winning a trump lead.

Z dealt and bid a diamond, A a heart, Y no trumps, and B two spades. Y went to two no-trumps, which he could have made, but A helped the spades, and Z went three no-trumps, having two honors in clubs, besides his diamonds. A went to four spades, which Y doubled.

By one of these peculiar twists that turn up so often in playing against the declaration B went game, making four odd. Z led a small club, counting his partner for the ace, as he had twice bid his no-trumper. Y won the club. Now, if he goes right back with the suit and lets dummy make a little trump, he sets the contract; but Y argued that if he put dummy in so easily the next thing would be a trump lead through his king, so he led his partner's diamonds instead, B concealing the deuce.

Now it is Z who does not like the idea of ruffing dummy, so he leads through the denied heart suit. This gives B his chance. The ace goes up second hand, and a small trump

follows. The finesse of the jack is practically a certainty against Y's bid of no-trumps, and the ace drops the king.

This brings us to the point of the hand; the management of the remaining trumps, so as to get dummy in twice. The eight of trumps is overtaken by the nine and the hearts are cleared, B trumping the king with the queen. Now the deuce of trumps can be overtaken by dummy's five and all the hearts make; four odd and game.

Ruffing the heart king with the high trump and leading the higher of the eight and two is what does the trick. It is rather curious to note that if Z opens with the trump, on the theory that the sooner the trumps are out of the way his partner's no-trumper will come into play. B makes five odd, as he gets four diamond discards on the established hearts, dummy needing only one reentry after two trumps lead. A and B miss two chances to save the game; the club ruff and the third diamond lead.

Here is the solution of Problem No. 60, given last week, in which hearts were trump, Z to lead and Y-Z to win six tricks:

Z starts with one of his high trumps, on which Y plays the nine, no matter what A does. If A holds off, Z leads the spade jack. If A passes this up, Y wins with the king and leads the ten of spades, giving Z a discard of the club queen. If A still refuses to trump, Y leads the club, and the rest is obvious.

If A wins the first trick and leads a diamond, Y trumps with the jack and leads the small trump through B. This allows Z to make both his trumps and lead a spade, discarding the club queen on the second spade lead.

If A wins the second trick, after passing up the first, and leads a diamond, Y trumps with the jack, but leads the spade king before the trump, so as to give Z the club discard. If A puts off winning a trick until the second round of spades the result is the same. The

point is the play of the nine of trumps by Y, and the club discard by Z.

Questions and Answers

AUCTION BRIDGE

Question—The dealer bid one heart, no score. Second hand passed. Third hand held seven spades to the jack, ten; three small diamonds, two small clubs and the jack of hearts. What should he say?—N. W. B.

Answer—He should deny the hearts with the spades. With so many it is better to overcall the hand, bidding two spades, so that the dealer may know it is not necessary for him to deny the spades as they are strong enough. This will prevent a retreat to a minor suit, which could not be supported by the spade hand.

Question—Is the following hand strong enough for an original call of one heart, the score being unimportant? If so, on what grounds? Five to the ace of hearts, four to ace, queen in spades. Queen small in diamonds; two small clubs.—O. F. A.

Answer—The theory of modern bidding is that if a player has more than his share of the thirteen tricks to be played for and also has a suit of five or more cards with at least as good as ace or king, queen at the top he should call that suit. In this hand there are more than four tricks, counting aces at double value, so it is a good heart call.

Question—No trumps bid by the dealer, all pass. The leader holds six clubs to the ace-queen-jack-ten; four spades to the jack, queen and one heart, with a small diamond. What is the correct card to lead, and why? Mrs. G.

There being no reentry, lead the club queen, so as to get the king out of the way at once, and still leave partner a club to return if he is lucky enough to get in. If he has the king he will give it up at once with two in suit; on second round with three in suit. Question—Is there any book that gives the

rules for playing three-hand, with the dummy face up during the bidding? F. L. S.
Answer—Never heard of it, nor of the game. It sounds as if it might be interesting.

AUCTION PINOCHE

Question—At the end of the play it is found that A and B have each one card left while C has three. Is this a misdeal?—H. W. B.
Answer—That depends on who is the bidder, how many cards are in the widow and which of the players it is that has too many, the bidder or one of his opponents.

Question—We count 240 for the round trip and 150 for the trump sequence, total 390. Several players here insist it is only 320 for the whole hand. Which is right?—A. W. F.

The correct count is 370. The laws of the game require at least one fresh card from the hand for every additional meld. This forces the player to lose a marriage, or 60 queens, when the fourth queen is melded on the round trip. Starting with trump marriage, 40, and then 80 kings, we marry two of the kings, but have only one queen left, and use it to meld 60

BRIDGE PROBLEM NO. 61

♥ 6 5
♠ 4 3 2
♦ —
♣ Q 8
♥ 8 7
♠ 10
♦ 9 7
♣ 10 4
♥ J 9
♠ Q 8 7
♦ Q 6
♣ —
♥ A 10
♠ K 9
♦ 10 8
♣ 2

Hearts are trumps and Z leads, Y and Z want all seven tricks. How do they get them? Solution next week.

queens, giving a total of 220. Add the three high trump cards for 150 more and the total is 370. Every book on pinocle agrees on this.

PINOCHE

Question: During the play of the hand it is found that the bidder has laid out four cards, instead of three. He insists that he is at a disadvantage in playing with only eleven cards. What is the rule in such a case? J. W. E.

Answer: The bidder's hand is foul, and he is set back, provided it is admitted that there was no irregularity in the deal and the opponents have their right number of cards. The bidder's statement overlooks the fact that being short he may have trumped when he should not be able to do so.

AUCTION PITCH

Question—Four playing ten points up for the theater tickets. A deals and on his deal B goes out. C, on B's left, has only one to go and insists on B dealing, so that C shall have the beg. A bets C must deal himself, as B is out of it.—H. H. J.

Answer—As the game is to stick the last man and B has won out of it he cannot take any further part in the game. It is therefore C's deal. The fact that C has only one to go and that the beg would be a great advantage at that score has nothing to do with it. There is no card game known in which the laws regarding the deal are altered on account of a player's individual score.

BID WHIST

Question—Two is bid. The dealer pitches for two, calling a no-trump hands. If he makes two is it doubled, giving him four? If he accepts the bid of two and does not make it does he go up two or four?—B. E. Y.

Answer—There is no doubling in bid whist. This seems to be some game you have invented. In other card games the bidder scores double only when some player bids he cannot make his bid.

CRIBBAGE

Question—The dealer deals four sevens with an ace for a starter and scores 24 points for it. His opponent bets it is only 20. Will you count it for us?—L. E. R.

Answer—Lay out the four sevens in a square, and each of the four sides and the two diagonals makes a pair. This is 12 holes. It is obvious that the ace will combine with each of these pairs to make a 15, so we get 12 more holes, or 24 in all.